

Halfe a dozen of good Wives.

All for a penny.

Kind Cozens or Country-men what ere you be,
If you want a good penny-worth, come buy it of me;
Sixe Wives for a penny, a young one or old,
A cleanelly good huswife, a Slut or a Scold.
To the tune of, *The cleane contrary way.*



If any standers by
that leads a single life,
Desirous be of marriage,
and saine would have a Wife,
Unto the signe of Fortune,
let him for this with repaire,
And either he or I will helpe
such customers to ware;
For in my time I have
made prooffe of halfe a dozen,
And if thou hast a mind unto't,
come take one honest Cozen,
oh come take her honest Cozen,

The first of all my Wives
did prove to be a Dame,
What ere I said she still would doe
contrary to the same,
She is so obstinate,
that she must have her will.
And let me doe the best I can,
she will be waster still:
Oh this was my good Wife,
the best, &c.

Besides all these good parts,
th'as huswaryns she is free,
Though I please her nere so well at home,
she'l play the meretrice,
For if my backe be turn'd,
abroad she straight must gae,
And to be briefe she is so cross,
as I am ere home made:
Oh this was my first Wife,
the best, &c.

The second wife I had,
was not so light as she,
But yet she had I speake to her praise,
as rare a quality.
A thisty Dame she was,
which prov'd her greatest fault,
She let the spaggots crable ith' meat,
to save the charge of salt:
Oh this was my good Wife,
the best of the halfe dozen, &c.

And when she went to market,
good penny worth she bought,
The cheap' it she laid her hands upon,
she alwayes with her brought,
But if that I did bid
what she had done that day,
She'd keepe the best untill it stunk,
and throw the rest away:
Oh this was my good Wife,
the best, &c.

The third was some what cleanelly,
but yet a drunken Scot,
She'd pay home all the as for Ale and Beere,
What er she had got,
she scarce would leave a smocke,
or shooe unto her foot,
But at the Alehouse all these went
and some what else to boot:
Oh this was my good Wife,
the best of the halfe dozen,
And if thou'rt weary of a single life,
Then take her honest Cozen,
Oh then take her honest Cozen.

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What ere I said she still would doe
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And let me doe the best I can,
she will be sparrer still:
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Though I please her nere so well at home,
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The second part. To the same Tune.



But yet she had skill in spinning,
With her the world runs on wheels:
On any ground where ere she comes,
She cannot stand but reels:
And yet but once a weeke
With drinke she's overtaine,
Which lasteth still from Sunday night,
till Sunday come againe.
Oh this was my good wife,
the best of the halfe dozen,
And if th'art wearie of a single life;
then take her honest cozen,
oh then take her honest cozen.

The fourth good Wife of mine
was wondrous rarefull bent,
She had a care of the maine-chance,
to see how all things went:
She never would be quiet,
if from her sight I were,
For feare lest I should spend it all,
and she not have a share.
Oh this was my good wife,
the best, &c.

And if into a Taberne
without her I had gone,
She would be there as soone as I.
Oh 'twas a loving one.
And for my ill husbandry
she'd keepe a pittious coyle,
And call me Rogue and Cuckold too:
but what was she the while?
I thinke one of my Aunts,
the best, &c.

The fifth was a good old woman,
and had great care of me:
How could she chide: for by her age
she might my Grandam be.

And though I say it my selfe,
she stood me in great stead,
I durst trust her in any place,
and never feare my head:
O this was one of my wives,
the best, &c.

Yet if I chanc'd to kisse,
or on a young wench look;
you would not thinke me harmles soule,
how pittiously she look't:
For often times she'd blame me,
that I abroad should come,
And love another, when I had,
so good a piece at home:
O this was my good wife,
the best, &c.

But oh the last of all,
she had an excellent tongue,
Which is the rarest property,
that does to a woman belong:
And if I had but vert her,
she us'd her tongue so well,
As when she to the purpose spake,
it sounded like a Bell:
O this was my good Wife,
the best, &c.

She was so good a wife,
I must praise her againe:
For she excelled all the Scolds,
that dwell in Turnegen Lane:
I speake as I have felt her,
for she bang'd me once so sore,
As I have not ere since that time,
never to marry more.
But here doe leave my wives,
in number halfe a dozen,
And for a penny will sell all,
then take them honest cozen,
oh then take them honest cozen.

And now good women all,
whosoever heares this song,
I doe no private person fare,
to doe them any wrong.
But if you take exceptions,
the thorne you know will prick,
And if you touch a gall'd Horse backe,
the ploverbe sayes hee I kicke.
For I make mention of
no lesse than halfe a dozen:
Then whosoere is angry now,
will prove my honest cozen,
oh will prove my honest cozen.
FINIS.

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